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THE
BUCK'S DELIGHT,

OR
VOCAL COMPANION:

BEING A COLLECTION OF THE MOST FAVOURITE

SONGS,

OF THE MODERN TASTE.

CALCULATED

To raise the Spirits of the Sons of Mirth,

AND DRIVE AWAY

OLD FATHER CARE.

With the most approved

SONGS OF DIBDIN.

AND OTHER CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

*Sons of Freedom, here you'll see,
Mirth, Wit, and true Eglivty.*

A NEW EDITION.



GAINSBROUGH:

PRINTED BY J. M. MOZLEY AND CO.

M.DCC.XCII.

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THE
BUCK's DELIGHT,

OR
VOCAL COMPANION.

SONG.

WELCOME THE SAILOR FROM HIS TOILS.

Sung by Mr. BULL.

SAY gentle peace and pleasing smiles,
Welcome the sailor from his toils;
Welcome, &c.

His prize, his soul, his wages paid,
His ship's in harbour safe is laid.

In peace and love, I'll live on shore,
I'll enjoy my girl to part no more.

Says Sue to Jem, when thro' the door,
The hollow sounds of winds did roar;
The hollow, &c.

My tender heart was fraught with woe,
For fear you should to the bottom go!
But now the cruel wars are o'er,
There's nought but death shall part us more!

Says Jem to Sue, when bullets flew,
Around my head, and abaft the crew;
Around, &c.

Lay stretch't on deck, sad sight to see,
I felt no pain, but thought on thee.
But now the cruel wars are o'er,
There's nought but death shall part us more!

Says Jem to Sue, make no delay,
But to yonder church let's haste away;
But to, &c.

The parson there, with golden twine,
Shall intermix your joys with mine.
In peace and love we'll live on shore,
There's nought but death shall part us more!

DELIGHT.

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SONG.

A LITTLE MELLOW.

A Brimming glass is my delight,
I'm not a sham'd to tell O;
And I am happy ev'ry night
When I'm a little mellow.

A pretty girl I love to kiss,
As pleas'd as Punchinello;
There surely is no harm in this,
When I'm a little mellow.

A pleasing song, a catch or glee,
With rapture makes me swell O;
No mortal is more blest'd than me,
When I'm a little mellow.

Then, come, my friends, and join with me,
Each hearty honest fellow;
For ev'ry night we'll merry be,
When we're a little mellow.

SONG.

THE JOLLY PUSTIAN-CUTTER.

*Written by Mr. ERRINGTON, and Sung by him
at the Theatre-Royal, MANCHESTER.*

WHEN Adam kept house in the garden of
Eden,
His wife and himself nought but fruit had to
feed on ;

The fig-tree alone was their wardrobe we're told,
No pockets they needed for silver or gold.

Derry down, &c.

No cash they e'er wanted, no creditors knew,
Whatever they wish'd for, around them it grew ;
Their clothes knew no *cutting*, their food ne'er
felt knife.

Without thought of either, they jogg'd on thro'
life.

Derry down, &c.

From that time to this, Sirs, how alter'd the case,
Now *cutting's* the game for food, clothing, & place ;
'Tis *cut* as *cut* can all the world thro' we see,
But who *cut* so fairly, yet constant as *we* ?

Derry down, &c.

Six days out of seven, from morning till night,
For a *living* we *cut* ; who can say we're not right ?
Tho' many *cross-cuts* in this life we may find,
The *long-cut*, *straight forward's* the *cut* to my
mind.

Derry down, &c.

One neighbour *his* neighbour may *cut* out of
place,

Such *cutting* can't *honesty* look in the face ;
The gamester, the cards he may *cut* to *himself*,
Tho' the stake he secures 'tis but ill-gotten pelf.
Derry down, &c.

The spruce dancing master, as fine as a jay,
His *capers* may *cut*, and his kit he may play ;
We can match him, I war'nt, if our work we
pursue,

Nor the *capers* alone, but the *mutton* cut too.
Derry down, &c.

May GEORGE sit secure on a peaceable throne ;
Nor our heart-of-oak standard be ever *cut* down ;
Should the Spaniards again dare to venture a
rub,

Their whiskers be d—d ! they our *Fustians* can't
drub.
Derry down, &c.

Long may *Fustian Cutters*, in sweet harmony,
United work on, with the merchants agree ;
No strife or contentions arise to appall,
'Till *Death*, that fly *Cutter*, shall *cut* for us all.
Derry down, &c.

THE BUCK'S

SONG.

A BACCHANALIAN.

IN Charles the Second's merry days,
 Not wanton frolics noted :
 A man of cabals I was,
 Whose wine like Bacchus bloated :
 I rush'd unto my crowded pews,
 Wine was Heaven's command, fir,
 And damn'd was he who did refuse,
 To drink while he cou'd stand, fir.

CHORUS.

That this is law I will maintain,
 Until my dying day, fir ;
 Let whatsoever king will reign,
 I'll drink my gallon a day, fir.

When James the Scot assum'd the throne,
 He strove to stand alone, fir,
 But quickly got so drunk, that down
 He tumbled from the throne, fir,
 One morning crop-sick, pale, and queer,
 By sitting up with gay men,
 He reel'd to Rome, where priests severe,
 Deny the cup to laymen.

That this is law, &c.

When tipling Will the Dutchman, sav'd
 Our liberties from sinking,
 We crown'd him king of cups, and crav'd
 The privilege of drinking:
 He drank your Hollands, pints 'tis said,
 And held predestination;
 Fool not to know the tipling trade,
 Admits no trepidation.

That this is law, &c.

When Brandy Nan became our queen,
 'Twas all a drunken story;
 I sat and drank from morn to e'en,
 And so was thought a tory:
 Brimful of grog, all sober folks
 We damn'd, and moderation;
 'Till for right Nantz we pawn'd to France
 Our dearest reputation.

That this is law, &c.

When George the first came to the throne,
 He took the resolution,
 To drink all sorts of liquors known,
 To save the constitution:
 He drank success in rare old Rum,
 Unto the state, and church, sir;
 'Till with a cup of Brunswick mum,
 He tripp'd from off the perch, sir.

That this is law, &c.

King George the Second then arose,
 A wise and valiant soul, fir;
 He lov'd his people, beat his foes,
 And push'd about the bowl, fir:
 He drank his fill to Chatham Will,
 To heroes for he chose 'em;
 With us true Britons he drank, until
 He slept in Abraham's bosom.

That this is law, &c.

His present Majesty then came,
 Who may heaven long preserve, fir;
 He gloried in a Briton's name,
 And swore he'd never swerve, fir:
 Tho' evil counsellors did think,
 His love from us to sever,
 Yet let us loyal Britons drink,
 King George the Third for ever!

That this is law, &c.

SONG.

LIFE'S A BUBBLE.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

IF life is a bubble and breaks with a blast,
 You must toss off your wine if you wish it to
 last;
 For this bubble may well be destroy'd with a
 puff,
 If it is not kept floating in liquor enough.

If life is a flower, as philosophers say,
'Tis a very good hint, understood the right way:
For if life is a flower, any blockhead may tell,
If you'd have it look fresh, you must moisten it
well.

This life is no more than a journey 'tis said,
When the roads, for most parts, are confounded-
ly bad;
Then let wine be our spur, and each traveller
will own,
That, whatever the roads, we jog merrily on.

This world to a Theatre liken'd has been,
Where each man around has a part in the
scene;
'Tis our part to get drunk, and 'tis matter of
fact,
That the more you all drink, boys, the better
you'll act.

This life is a dream, in which many will weep,
Who have strange silly fancies, and cry in their
sleep:
But for us, when we wake from our dream
'twill be said,
That the tears of a tankard were all that we
shed.

SONG.

SEA SONG.

WHAT argues pride or ambition,
 Soon or late death will take us in tow,
 Each bullet has got its commission,
 And when our time comes we must go.

CHORUS.

Then drink and sing, hang pain and sorrow,
 The halter was made for the neck;
 He that's now live and lusty—to-morrow,
 Perhaps may be stretch'd on the deck.

There was little Tom Linstock of Dover,
 Got kill'd and left Polly in pain;
 Polly cried—but her grief was soon over,
 And then she got married again.

Then drink, &c.

Jack Junk was ill us'd by Bet Crocker,
 And so took to sucking the stuff,
 'Till he tumbled in old Davy's locker,
 And then he got liquor enough.

Then drink, &c.

To a sailor, says one, pray go never
 To sea, your friends die there, 'tis said;
 Says Jack, will you sit up for ever,
 Because your friends died in their bed.

Then drink, &c.

For our prize-money, then to the proctor,
 Take of joy while 'tis going our freak;
 For what argues calling the doctor,
 When the anchor of life is a peak.
 Then drink, &c.

SONG.

VANITY.

THE man who does for freedom roar,
 His eloquence displays;
 Expatiates 'gainst despotic pow'r,
 And gains a nation praise:
 Each stander by may plainly see,
 The patriot's fir'd with vanity.

The soldier eagerly pursues,
 The airy phantom, fame;
 The author too the public sues,
 In hopes to get a name:
 Yet, both alike, appear to be,
 Inspir'd by nought but vanity.

The simple maid whose best attire,
 Is but a linen gown;
 Neat clad trips out, while round admire,
 Each gaping country clown:
 Yet she doth feel as well as we,
 Her bosom glow with vanity.

The man who feels another's woes,
 And does those woes relieve ;
 Who feels the blessing he bestows,
 Nor will just praise receive :
 A heart like this is wholly free,
 From folly pride and vanity.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

ON Old England's blest shore
 We are landed once more,
 Secure from the storms of the main ;
 For great *George*, and his cause,
 For our country and laws,
 We have conquer'd and will do again.

Where the sun's orient ray,
 First opens the day,
 On Indies extended domain ;
 The swarthy fac'd foes
 Who dar'd to oppose,
 We have conquer'd and will do again.

Come, my brave hearts of oak,
 Let us drink, sing and joke,
 While here on the shore we remain ;
 When our country demands,
 With hearts, and with hands,
 We are ready—to conquer again.

SONG.

A GLASS OF GOOD WINE.

MY merry companions, so jovial and free,
You know I'm a poet then listen to me;
Inspire my muse, jolly Bacchus divine,
I'll chaunt in the praise of a glass of good wine.

The female whose flattering looking-glass tells,
How much all the rest of her sex she excels;
In vain from its aid may attempt to outshine,
More charms she'd receive from a glass of good
wine.

The short-sighted spark, with perspective apply'd,
In putting the fair to the blush takes a pride;
Give o'er, bold intruder, your cruel design,
Greater beauties you'll find in a glass of good wine.

Old bald-pated Time, who good company spoils,
When pleasure is reigning & good humour smiles;
With us round the bowl would most chearfully
join,
Was his hour-glass chang'd to a glass of good
wine.

If then such perfections the grape does produce,
Ye powers above send enough for our use;
Your bounty to prove drain the sea of its brine,
And let it again ebb and flow with good wine.

SONG.

THE LAMPLIGHTER.

Written by Mr. DISBIE.

I'M jolly Dick the lamplighter,
They say the sun's my dad,
And truly I believe it, fir,
For I'm a pretty lad ;
Father and I the world delight,
And make it look so gay,
The difference is, I lights by night,
And father lights by day.

But fathers not the likes of I,
For knowing life and fun,
For I queer tricks and fancy spy,
Folks never shun the sun :
Rogues, owls, and bats can't bear the light,
I've heard your wise ones say,
And so, d'ye mind, I sees at night
Things never seen by day.

At night men lay aside all art,
As quite a useless task,
And many a face, and many a heart
Will then pull off the mask ;
Each formal prude and holy wight
Will throw disguise away,
And sin it openly at night,
Who fainted it all day.

His darling hoard the miser views,
 Misses from friends decamp,
 And many a statesman mischief brews
 To his country o'er his lamp:
 So father and I, d'ye take me right,
 Are just on the same lay;
 I bare fac'd sinners light by night,
 And he false saints by day.

TIPPY BOB.

MY name's Tippy Bob,
 With a watch in each fob,
 View me round on each side and the top,
 I am sure I'm the thing,
 Nay I wish I may swing,
 If I an't now a nice natty crop,
 I am up to each rig,
 Of my hat smoke the gig,
 Like candles my locks dangle down,
 And look in my rear,
 As an ostrich I'm bare,
 But the knowingest smart of the town,
 As I walk thro' the lobby,
 The girls cry out Bobby,
 Come here Bobby, pretty Bobby!
 Now squeaking, now bawling,
 Then pulling and hauling,
 So smirking and pleasing,
 So coaxing and teasing,
 I can't get them out of my nob.

My vest a foot long,
Nine capes in a throng,
My breeches—my small cloaths I mean,
From my chest to my calf,
Damn the mob! let them laugh,
I dress not by them to be seen.
The strings of my knees,
Like a chevaux-de-frize,
My boots to the small of my leg;
My stick the none-such,
No crop can me touch,
For I swear I'm at home to a peg.
As I walk thro' the lobby, &c.

Observe well my shape,
And the fall of my cape,
It's the thing! quite the thing! damme an't it?
And this bow roud my neck,
Would at least hold a peck,
It may catch some old Duchefs too (mayn't it?)
Then under this collar,
I've got a large roller,
'Tis just like a huge German sausage;
And squeez'd up so tight,
That by this good light,
It goes nearly to stop up the passage.
As I walk thro' the lobby, &c.

SONG.

THE JOVIAL PHILOSOPHER.

BE content in your station, my friend,
The maxim is *probatum est*:
Life's short from beginning to end,
Then let us pass thro' it with zest.

The monarch surrounded by fame,
Can taste no more pleasure than you;
His passions and feelings the same,
Desires and wishes as few.

The cobbler who hugs his brown lass,
Feels emotions of love full strong
As those of a much higher class,
And glories he won her by song.

For the loss of a nail tinker's rage,
As much as for realms, a great king;
With clamours our ears both engage,
And much the same peal they both ring.

On my word, my good friend, we're a crow'd,
Vari'gated among great and small;
We take it by turns to be proud,
And likewise by turns rise and fall.

Like actors, who strut for an hour
 In all the grand flav'ry of state;
 Next day abdicated from power,
 With pages o'er porter they'll prate.

Then from an enlivening bowl,
 While your reason holds good never flinch;
 For life's but a span, my brave soul,
 Then faith we'll enjoy ev'ry inch.

SONG.

THE FAN.

FOR various purpose serves the fan,
 As thus——a decent blind;
 Between the sticks to peep at man,
 Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
 Resentment in the *snap*;
 A *flirt* expresses strong disdain,
 Consent, a gentle *tap*.

All Passions will the fan disclose,
 All modes of female art;
 And to advantage sweetly shews,
 The hand if not the heart.

DELIGHT.

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'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd,
By love's capricious boy :
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

SONG.

THE BACCHANALIAN.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

AS in a tavern toping Lewis drank
The sparkling juice in company with Frank;
Tell me, quoth he, can man in joy abound,
For where, unless in wine, is pleasure found ?

AIR.

Then leave off all thinking,
There's pleasure in drinking,
That none but a buck can define ;
For the bottle and glass,
I prefer to a lass,
And would sell the whole sex for good wine.

Oh! could I with ease,
My palate but please,
Ye gods! how in claret I'd roll ;
With a quantum of claret,
Content in my garret,
I'd enjoy both my bottle and bowl.

Then talk not of whoring,
 Of ranting and roaring,
 And kicking a dust up at night;
 For I will maintain,
 All pleasure is pain,
 Where the bottle procures not delight.

Then replenish the glass,
 Who denies is an ass,
 The bottle, the glass, and the bowl;
 But he who right thinks,
 And like myself drinks,
 I pronounce him a buck and a soul.

SONG.

THE HONEST FELLOW.

THO' my dress, as my manners, is simple
 and plain,
 A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain;
 My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
 And I'm richer than those who have thousands a
 year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for sporting un-
 couth,
 I feel no remorse from the follies of youth;
 I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
 And, my boys, think my life not a moment too
 long.

Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and grimace,
 Creep under, dance over, for title or place;
 Above all the titles that flow from a crown,
 Those of honest I prize, and that title's my own.

SONG.

DANS VOTRE LIT.

DANS votre lit, my Fanny say,
 When past the busy hours of day;
 Stay and let me happy be,
 To find you sometimes think on me.
Dans votre lit,

But whether absent or in view,
 My thoughts are fondly bent on you;
 When in my dreams I'm full of glee,
 And in my arms embracing thee.
Dans votre lit.

But soon as dawn appears, my fair,
 The blissful vision's lost in air;
 Consent, and you shall quickly see,
 'Twill make it sweet reality.
Dans votre lit.

The soft confession make, my fair,
 And with it glad my raptur'd ear;
 And in return I'll swear to thee,
 Ten thousand worlds I'd give to be—
Dans votre lit.

SONG.

THOUGHTS OF MATRIMONY.

MY father has forty good shillings,
 Ha! ha! good shillings,
 And never had daughter but I;
 My mother she is right willing,
 Ha! ha! right willing,
 That I shall have all when they die:

CHORUS.

And I wonder when I'll be marry'd
 Ha! ha! be marry'd?
 My beauty begins to decay!
 It's time to catch hold of somebody,
 Ha! ha! somebody?
 Before they be all run away:

My shoes they are at the mending,
 My buckles they are in the chest;
 My stockings are ready for sending,
 Then I'll be as braw as the best.

And I wonder, &c.

My father will give me a ladle,
 At my wedding we'll have a good song;
 For my uncle will give me a cradle,
 To rock my child in when it's young.

And I wonder, &c.

SONG.

YOUNG I am, and sore afraid,
 Wou'd you hurt a harmless maid?
 Lead an innocent astray,
 Tempt me not, kind sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe,
 And if you should me deceive,
 Ruin first, and then forsake,
 Sure my tender heart would break.

SONG.

THE RAKE AT LARGE.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

LOOK'E, dear Ma'am, I'm quite the thing,
 Nattibus hey! tippity ho!
 In my shoe I wear a string;
 Tied in a black bow, so:
 Cards and dice, I've monst'rous luck;
 I'm no drake yet keep a duck,
 Tho' not married, yet I'm a buck,
 Lantherum swash, kee-vi.

I've a purse well stock'd with brags,
 Chinkety hey ! tinkity ho !
 I've good eyes, but cock my glafs,
 Stare about, squintum ho !
 In two boots I boldly walk,
 Pistol, sword, I never baulk,
 Meet my man and bravely talk,
 Pippity pop, coupee.

Sometimes mount a smart cockade,
 Puppydum hey, struttledum ho !
 From Hyde Park to the Parade,
 Cock my carey kee :
 As I pass a sentry-box,
 Soldiers rest their bright firelocks,
 Each about his musket knocks,
 Rattledum flap, to me !

In the Mall, Ma'am gives her card
 Cashedy me, kissady she !
 Sit before the stable yard,
 Leg orum lounge a-row ;
 Pretty things I softly say
 When I'm ask'd our chairs to pay,
 Yes, says I, and walk away,
 Pennybus tartum, ho !

At Boulogne I liv'd a week,
 Fricasee hey ! trick a see ho !
 There fine French I learn'd to squeak,
 Grinnybuss skiptum, ho !

Slap French clack about, *bateur*,
Novette chef d'œuvre, bon douceur,
Ex bon point, quel tout mon cœur
 Fiddledee foll, hee hee !

Rotten-row, my funday-ride,
 Trotledum hey, tumble off, ho !
 Poney, eighteen-pence a side,
 Windgall, glanderum ho !
 Cricket I sam'd Lumpey nick,
 Daddles smouch, Mendoza lick,
 Up to, ah ! I'm just the kick,
 Allemande cap'rum toe.

SONG.

ALL FOR THE CHINK.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

SEE a nymph so brisk and witty
 Nimble tripping thro' the Park,
 Throwing round her eyes so pretty,
 And ogling every powder'd spark,
 She'll leer and gaze with fond delight,
 Invite you home and kiss you too ;
 Sigh, kneel and swear, my angel bright,
 Without your cash, your kissing won't do :
 With a long purse ever go to your love,
 Chink it, chink it, there, O there !
 When your twinkum tankum, tol de rol lol de rol,
 Ha! ha! ha! she'll love you dear.

Who'd refuse a lad of my inches,
 So sprightly, sightly, near, complete?
 But wag-tails lur'd are by gold-finches,
 Tho' eyes may roll and pulses beat:
 They'll leer and gaze with fond delight,
 You tip 'em an ogle, they ogle too?
 My dove, my duck, my angel bright,
 Without your cash your kissing won't do!
With so long, &c.

SONG.

DOT AND CARRY ONE.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

POUNDS, shillings, pence, and farthings, I
 Have at my fingers end,
 And how to sell, and how to buy,
 To borrow, or to lend:
 But this, tho' I ne'er went to school,
 My pate has ran upon,
 Addition be my golden rule,
 Ha! dot, and carry one.

At loss and gain a scholar got,
 Right early was I taught
 To gain of guineas all I could,
 To lose the devil a groat:

For fractions and divisions, when
 They practise sword and gun,
 Subtract myself I will, and then
 Ha! dot and carry one.

But words no more I'll numerate,
 And thus sum total lies;
 Of war no more I'll sing or prate,
 Reduction I'll despise:
 And, if cockade and roguish eye
 Has not my Susan won;
 If she's resolv'd to multiply,
 Ha! dot and carry one.

SONG.

'TIGHT LITTLE PETER.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

LOOK, maids, I cock my hat,
 John's but a poor creature;
 Sam's skinny, Bob's fat,
 All fools to little Peter!
 Ev'ry girl's chin is cocking,
 Twig my leg and tight silk stocking,
 An't I the clean thing?
 Tight boy, little Peter!

Speaks, maids, before it's late,
 You will find none neater;
 Fan, Nan, Patty, Kate,
 All come to little Peter!

I'm a lad so neat and natty,
 S'bobs, girls, but I'll be at ye;
 Oh, I'm the clean thing,
 Tight boy, little Peter.

Mind, maids, I'll pick out one,
 Phiz plump and finest feature:
 Gad, well have rare fun!
 Never fear little Peter:
 Cold, hot, and all weather,
 Jollily we'll jog together,
 Zounds, I'm the clean thing,
 Tight Boy, little Peter.

SONG.

THE GENERAL OPINION.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

WHEN our Mayor, Lord bless him, whose
 former delight,
 Was to make a day's work of being boozy at
 night;
 Is forc'd now, e'er noon, is full quantum to sip,
 Lest any thing fall 'twixt the cup and the lip:
 Beward of a tip,
 Lest any thing fall, &c.

In a vis-a-vis Bridget surprises the town,
 Who lately in pattens could trudge up and down;
 But 'twas prudent in her to lay pattens aside,
 When she found, by experience, she's subject to
 slide.
 Oh, fie on her guide!
 She found by experience, &c.

DELIGHT.

38

Your Patriot, whose feelings are wond'rous nice,
And refuses each place, that is under his price;
Finds his delicate conscience most ready to slip,
When the Pensions escape 'twixt the cup and
the lip.

Oh, it gives them the slip,
When the pensions, &c.

The youth who has charm'd all the clubs with
debate,
And to shine in the Senate spends all his estate;
Soon finds from his speeches no produce will
come,
And the first of all speakers turn Orator Mum,
Yes, 'twas all a hum,
For the first of all speakers, &c.

Here am I too, who studied the comforts of life,
Having earn'd a snug farm, would possess a snug
wife;
But the loss of my fame all my prospects will
nip,
'Twas a trifle that fell 'twixt the cup and the
lip.

Oh, beware of a trip,
Such trifles oft fall, &c.

SONG.

The WOODEN WALLS of OLD ENGLAND.

WHEN Britain on her sea-girt shore
Her white rob'd Druids thus address'd,
What aid, she cried, shall I implore?

What best defence by numbers press'd?
Hostile nations round thee rise,

The mystic oracles replied,
And view thine isle with envious eyes;
Their threats defy, their rage deride;
Nor fear invasion from your adverse Gauls;
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Thine oaks descending to the main,
With floating forts shall stem the tides,
Asserting Britain's liquid reign,

Where'er her thund'ring navy rides.
Nor less to peaceful arts inclin'd.

Where commerce opens all her stores,
In social bands shall league mankind,
And join the sea-divided shores.

Spread, then, thy sails where naval glory calls,
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Hail, happy isle! what tho' thy vales,
 No vine impurpl'd tribute yield,
 Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,
 Nor crops spontaneous glad the field;
 Yet liberty rewards the toil
 Of industry to labour prone,
 Who jocund ploughs the graceful soil,
 And reaps the harvest she has sown.
 While o'er her realms tyrannic sway enthalls,
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Thus spake the bearded seer of yore,
 In vision wrapt, of Briton's fame,
 Ere yet Iberia felt her pow'r,
 Or Gallia trembled at her name.
 Ere yet Columbus dar'd to explore
 New regions rising from the main,
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
 Bear then, ye winds, in solemn strain.
 This sacred truth an awe struck world appalls,
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

 SONG.

SOLDIER DICK.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

WHY, don't you know me by my scars,
 I'm a soldier come from the wars,
 Where many a pate without a hat,
 Croud honour's bed, but what of that?

Beat drums, play fifes, 'tis glory calls,
What argues who stands or falls,
Lord, what should one be sorry for,
Life's but the fortune of the war :
Then rich or poor, or well or sick,
Still laugh and sing shall Soldier Dick.

I used to look two ways at once,
A bullet hit me on the scone ;
And down'd my eye, d'ye think I wince,
Why, Lord, I've never squinted since.
Beat drums, &c.

Some distant keep from war's alarms,
For fear of wooden legs and arms ;
While others die safe in their beds,
Who all their lives had wooden heads.
Beat drums, &c.

Thus gout, or fever, sword, or shot,
Or something sends us all to pot,
That we're to die, then do not grieve,
But let's be merry while we live,
Beat drums, &c.

SONG.

MOLLY MAYBUSH.

Sung in The Farmer, by Mrs. Parsons.

MY Daddy O was very good,
 To make me fine he spar'd no pelf,
 He'd scrope up money all he could,
 And give it to my bonny self:
 My handsome cap from Dover came,
 Some thought from France—so gay to see,
 Tho' sigh'd for by each maid and dame,
 'Twas not my cap was dear to me!

Blythe Johnny O upon his mare,
 Down the dell his horn rang sweet;
 To me presented pufs the hare,
 That o'er the wild theme ran so fleet:
 And Ned a nosegay for my breast,
 Had brought more flowers more fair than he,
 And warb'ling Will a Linnet's nest,
 No flowers nor birds were dear to me!

So softly O to yonder grove,
 The Moon the while did sweetly blink,
 I haste to meet my own true love,
 Yet on false love I fell to think:
 The rust'ling leaves increase my fears,
 A footstep falls—who can it be?
 'Tis Jemmy! for he now appears,
 And he alone is dear to me!

B

SONG.

BACCHUS'S FEAST.

BACCHUS, when merry, bestriding his tun,
 Proclaim'd a new neighbourly feast;
 The first that appear'd was a man of the gown,
 A jolly parochial priest:
 He fill'd up his bowl, drank health to the church,
 Preferring it to the king;
 Altho' he long since left both in the lurch,
 Yet he canted like any thing.

The next was a talkative blade, whom we call
 A doctor of the civil law,
 Who guzzled and drank up the devil and all,
 As fast as the drawers could draw:
 But health to all nobles he stiffly deny'd,
 Tho' lustily he could swill;
 Because still the faster the quality dy'd,
 It brought the more grist to his mill.

The next was a physician to ladies and lords,
 Who eases all sickness and pain,
 And conjures distempers away with hard words,
 Which he knows is the head of his gain:
 He stepp'd from his coach, fill'd his cup to the brim,
 And quaffing did freely agree,
 That Bacchus, who gave us such cordials to drink,
 Was a better physician than he.

The next was a justice who never read law,
 With twenty informers behind ;
 On free cost he tippled, and still bid e'm draw,
 'Till his worship had drunk himself blind :
 Then reeling away they all rambled in quest
 Of drunkards and jilts of the town,
 That they might be punish'd to frighten the rest,
 Except they *would drop him a Crown!*

The fifth was a tricking attorney at law,
 By tally-men chiefly employ'd ;
 Who lengthens his bill with co-hy and mawdraw,
 And a hundred such Items beside :
 The healths that he drank was to *Westminster-hall,*
 And to all the grave dons of the gown ;
 Rependum & Petro, dorendum & Paul,
 Such Latin as never was known.

The last that appear'd was a soldier in red,
 With his hair doubled under his hat ;
 Who was by his trade a fine gentleman made,
 Tho' as hungry and poor as a rat :
 He swore by his G—, tho' he liv'd by his king,
 (Or the help of some impudent punk)
 That he would not depart 'till he made the butt
 fmg,
 And himself most confoundedly drunk.

SONG.

SHE CANNOT TELL WHAT.

WHEN Fanny to woman is growing apace,
The rose bud beginning to blow in her
face;

For mamma's wise precepts she cares not a jot,
Her heart pants for something she cannot tell what.

No sooner the wanton her freedom obtains,
When among the gay youth a tyrant she reigns,
And finding her beauty such power has got,
Her heart pants for something, she cannot tell what.

Tho' all day in splendor she flouts it about,
At court, park and play, ridotto and rout;
Tho' flatter'd and envy'd, she pines at her lot,
Her heart pants for something, she cannot tell what.

A touch of the hand, or a glance of the eye,
From him she likes best, makes her ready to die,
Not knowing 'tis Cupid his arrow has shot,
Her heart pants for something, she cannot tell what.

Ye fair take advice, and be blest'd while you may,
Each look, word and action, your wishes betray;
Give ease to your hearts by the conjugal knot,
Tho' they pant e'er so much, you will soon know
for what.

SONG.

SOCIAL MIRTH.

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
 Crown this night with pleasure:
 Let none at cares of life repine,
 To destroy our pleasure:
 Fill up the mighty spark'ling bowl,
 That every true and loyal soul,
 May drink and sing without controul,
 To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
 Gardian to our pleasure,
 That under thy protection we
 May enjoy new pleasure:
 And as the hours do glide away,
 We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
 And sing thy praises, that we may
 Live and die with pleasure.

SONG.

HANNAH OF THE DALE.

LET modern bards, with melting strains,
 Hail Sylvia queen of love;
 And point where sov'reign beauty reigns,
 In Phillis of the grove:

Whilst I, replete with flowing verse,
With softer notes prevail ;
Nay, all the blissful charms rehearse
Of Hannah of the Dale.

Young Colin on his oaten reed
Extols the blooming queen ;
And while the youthful lambskins feed,
Sets forth her graceful mien :
Not yonder smiling new-blown rose,
Nor lily of the vale,
Can e'er such raptur'd sweets disclose,
Like Hannah of the Dale.

By yonder verdant sylvan shade,
Where Sol the hills adorn,
I first beheld the blushing maid,
Sweet as the rosy morn :
Her rapt'rous charms I held divine,
And whisper'd love's fond tale ;
For every charm on earth combine
In Hannah of the Dale.

SONG.

DIBDIN'S *Farewell of the CAPE of GOOD HOPE.*

WHEN impelled by my fortune new world's
to explore,
I shall chearfully leave the diminishing shore ;
Each hour bearing gratefully proudly in mind,
How nobly a generous public was kind :
How freely they'll give to their kind wishes scope,
As gaily I double the Cape of Good Hope.

When from perils of dangerous Neptune set free,
Trade winds and monsoons left behind me at sea,
I made Rajahs and Nabobs in harmony chime,
And gay pa. anquins march in regular time :
Thro' the wishes to which you shall then give a
scope
I shall double with ease fortune's Cape of Good-
Hope.

When by dint of my crotchets, my catches, and
glees,
I have chang'd currant notes into sterling rupees ;
Sighing still for that pow'r of attraction sweet
home,
I'm no longer impell'd by a motive to roam :
I shall still to my strong grateful feelings give
scope,
That thro' you I first doubled the Cape of Good
Hope.

SONG.

PRAISE OF GROG.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

A PLAGUE of those musty old lubbers,
Who tell us to fast and to think;
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink.

A can of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,
'Twould have set them for pleasure agog,
And in spite of the rules
Of the schools
The old Fools
Would all of 'em swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when I last from Guinea
Return'd, with abundance of wealth,
Cried Jack never be such a ninny,
To drink—said I, father your health.

So I shew'd him the stuff and he twigg'd it,
And it set the old Codger agog;
And he swigg'd, and mother,
And sister and brother,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

'Tother day as the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiously slunk ;
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk.

I shew'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it soon set his rev'rence agog,
And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,
And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then trust me there's nothing like drinking,
So pleasant, on this side the grave ;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en more valiant the brave.

As for me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good stuff has so set me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully, or fairly,
Helm a-lee, or a-weather,
Four hours together,
I've constantly swigg'd it,
And d—me there's nothing like grog

SONG.

LOVELY POLLY.

Written by Mr. Dibdin.

A SAILOR's love is void of art,
Plain sailing to his port, the heart,
He knows no jealous folly;
'Twere hard enough at sea to war
With boisterous elements that jar,
All's peace with lovely Polly.

Enough that far from sight of shore,
Clouds frown and angry billows roar,
Still she is brisk and jolly:
And while carousing with his mates,
Her health he drinks—anticipates
The smiles of lovely Polly.

Should thunder on the horizon press,
Mocking our signal of distress,
E'en then dull melancholy
Dares not intrude; he braves the din,
In hopes to find a calm within
The snowy arms of Polly.

SONG.

SHANNON'S FLOWERY BANKS.

Sung by Miss LUND.

IN summer when the leaves were green,
And blossoms deck'd each tree,
Young Teddy then declar'd his love,
His artless love to me :
On Shannon's flowery banks we sat,
And there he told his tale ;
O Patty, softest of thy sex,
O let fond love prevail.

Ah ! well-a-day—you see me pine,
In sorrow and despair ;
Yet, heed me not!—then let me die !
And end my grief and care :
Ah ! no, dear youth, I softly said,
Such love demands my thanks ;
And here I vow eternal truth,
On Shannon's flowery banks.

And then we vow'd eternal truth,
On Shannon's flowery banks ;
Then we gather'd sweet flow'rs,
And play'd such artless pranks :
But, woe is me, the press-gang came,
And forc'd my Ned away ;
Just when we'd nam'd next morning fair,
To be our wedding day.

My love, he cry'd, they force me hence,
But still my heart is thine ;
All peace be yours, my gentle Pat,
While war and toil be mine :
With riches I'll return again,
(Then sob'd out words of thanks),
And here I vow eternal truth,
On Shannon's flowery banks.

And then he vow'd eternal truth,
On Shannon's flowery banks ;
And then I saw him sail away,
To join the hostile ranks :
From morn to eve, for twelve dull months,
His absence sad I mourn'd ;
The peace was made, the ship came back,
But Teddy ne'er return'd.

His beauteous face, his manly form,
Had won a nobler fair ;
My Teddy's false, and I, forlorn,
Must die in sad despair :
Ye gentle maidens, see me laid,
While you stand round in ranks ;
And plant a willow o'er my head,
On Shannon's flowery banks.

SONG.

THE TOPER.

Sung in the Farmer, by Mr. Errington.

HOW bright are the joys of the table,
 I mean when the cloth is remov'd;
 Our hearts are fast held by a cable,
 While round the decanter is shov'd:
 The ladies all rise to retire,
 We stand up and look very grave,
 A bumper then draw round the fire,
 Determine like souls to behave.

My servant, he knows I'm a toper,
 "Clean glasses, of wine a recruit;"
 He brings in a fix bottle cooper,
 And places it close at my foot:
 I gingerly take up a bottle,
 The saw dust I puff from his coat;
 The cork out, he sings in the throttle,
 But sweeter than Mara his note.

"What gentleman coffee now chuses?"
 The compliment comes from the fair;
 No gentleman coffee refuses,
 But not a man stirs from his chair:
 Tho' Frenchmen may do so, I bar it,
 With British politeness I think;
 While monsieur we thank for his claret,
 He never shall teach us to drink.

Gay Hebe now shews in Apollo,
 A struggle 'twixt claret and wit;
 For Bacchus insists he shall swallow,
 Six bumpers before he may sit:
 Ye fair, why so ill should we treat you,
 To part 'ere the bottle is won?
 At supper Apollo shall meet you,
 And shew you what Bacchus has done.

SONG.

MY LADY'S KETTLE.

A JOLLY Tinker thro' the street
 Went warb'ling on in voice most sweet,
 D'ye want a man of mettle;
 With that my lady's maid slept ont,
 Hip, friend, quoth she, I make no doubt
 You'll stop my lady's *kettle*.

He first examin'd well the flaws,
 Then out his implements he draws,
 With store of lasting mettle:
 Tho' tight he work'd, spite of his soul,
 There still remain'd a swinging hole,
 A *hole* in my lady's *kettle*!

SONG.

CONQUEST OF MARS.

Sung in Inkle and Yarico.

MARS would oft his conquests over
To the Cyprian goddess yield :
Venus gloried in a lover,
Who like him could brave the field.
Mars would oft', &c.

In the cause of battles hearty,
Still the god would strut to prove,
He who fac'd an adverse party,
Fittest was to face his love.
Mars would oft', &c.

Hear then, captains, ye who bluster,
Hear the god of war declare ;
Cowards never can pass muster,
Courage only wins the fair.
Mars would oft', &c.

SONG.

THE SIEGE OF TROY.

Sung by Mr. DIEDIN.

I SING of a war set on foot for a toy,
 And of Paris, and Helen, and Hector and
 Troy;
 Where on women, kings, gen'als, and coblers
 you tumble.
 And of mortals and gods meet a very strange
 jumble.

CHORUS.

*Sing didderoo bubberoo, oh my joy
 How sweetly they did one another destroy,
 Come fill up your bumper, the whisky enjoy.
 May we ne'er see the like of the siege of Troy.*

Menelaus was happy wid Helen his wife,
 Except dat she led him a devil of a life;
 Wid dat handsome tae Paris she'd toy and she'd
 play,
 'Till they pack'd up their alls and they both ran
 away. Sing didderoo, &c.

Agamemnon and all the great chiefs of his house,
 Soon took up the cause of this horrified spouse;
 While Juno said this thing and Venus said that,
 And the gods fell a wrangling, they knew not for
 what. Sing didderoo, &c.

Oh den such a slaughter and cutting of trotes,
 And slaying of bullocks and offering up goats;
 'Till the cunning Ulyses, the Trojans to cross,
 Clapt forty fine fellows in one wooden horse.

Sing didderoo, &c.

Oh den for to see the maids, widows, and wives,
 Crying, some for their virtue and some for their
 lives;

Thus after ten years they defended their town,
 Poor dear Troy in ten minutes was all burnt
 down.

Sing didderoo, &c.

But to see how it ended, the best joke of all,
 Scarce had wrong'd Menelaus ascended the wall,
 But he blub'ring saw Helen, and strange to tell,
 The man took his mare and so all was well.

Sing didderoo, &c.

BONNY KITTY.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

WHEN last from the straits we had fairly
 cast anchor,

I went bonny Kitty to hail;

With quintables stor'd; for our voyage was a
 spanker,

And bran new was every sail:

But I knew well enough how with words sweet
 as honey,

They trick us poor Tars of our gold;

And when the flygypies have finger'd the money,

The bag they give poor Jack to hold.

So I chac'd her, d'ye see my lads, under false
colours,

Swore my wishes were all at an end ;
That I'd sported away all my looking dollars,
And borrow'd my togs of a friend :
Oh then had you seen her — no longer my
honey,

'Twas varlet audacious and bold,
Begone from my sight now you've spent all your
money,

For Kitty the bag you may hold !

With that I took out double handfuls of shiners,
And scornfully bid her good by ;

'Twould have done your heart good had you
then seen her fine airs,

How she'd leer, and she'd sob, and she'd sigh ;
But I stood well the broadside, while jewel and
honey

She call'd me, I put up the gold ;
And bearing away as I sack'd all the money,
Left the bag for ma'am Kitty to hold.

SONG;

POP AND DOWN YOU TUMBLE.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

O H men! what silly things you are,
To women thus to humble;
Who, fowler like, but spreads her snare,
Or, at the timid game
Takes aim,
Pop, pop, and down you tumble.

She marks you down, fly where you will,
To hedge, or meed, or stubble;
Can wing you, feather you, or kill,
Just as she takes the trouble.

O men, &c.

Then fly not from us, 'tis in vain,
We know the art of setting!
As well as shooting, and can chain
The flyest man our net in!

O men, &c.

SONG.

THE INN TURNED OUT.

AS a cricket and crab-l—e was trav'ling the
 road,
 In the leaf of a rose they took up their abode;
 This rose being fairer by far than the rest,
 Was pluck'd by a lady and stuck in her breast.
 Derry down, &c.

The travellers perceiving the road straight and
 white,
 Each crept down her back by the darkness of
 night;
 In this *bole*, says the cricket, I'm determin'd to
 lay,
 And I, says the crab, will go sleep in the *bay*!
 Derry down, &c.

As soon as the cricket had taken his station,
 The fellow was seiz'd with a great consternation;
 A boisterous wind thro' the *cavern* did roar,
 Which drove the poor cricket from behind the
 street door.
 Derry down, &c.

Next morning he met with the crab-l—his friend,
 He told his adventures and soon made an end;
 Now I, says the crab, my hard case will relate,
 So hard was my lot, you must pity my fate.
 Derry down, &c.

In the midst of the *bay* I discover'd a *cave*,
As dark as a coal pit, as deep as a grave;
With black thorn and white thorn all growing
about,
I fear'd to go in lest I should not get out.
Derry down, &c.

Then a *fellow* with face red as sun at noon-day,
A giant in bulk came trav'ling that way;
He push'd me from bramble to brier full sore,
Then ent'ring the *cave*, he drove me in before!
Derry down, &c.

As soon as this *fellow* had enter'd within,
He kept driving straight forward and stripp'd
off his *skin*!
'Till straining and swelling much bigger he grew,
He strain'd 'till he burst, and his *guts* at me flew.
Derry down, &c.

He then fell away to nothing at all,
Became very sick, and shrunk up very small;
Then I crept by, all besmear'd as you see,
And the devil himself may go lodge there for
me.
Derry down, &c.

SONG.

PRITHEE FOOL BE QUIET.

Sung by Mr. Cranston.

AS t'other day young Damon stray'd,
 Where Chloe sat demure;
 He doff'd his hat, and sigh'd, and gaz'd,
 'Twas love that struck him—sure:
 With rev'rence he approach'd the fair,
 Which she look'd very shy at;
 And when he prais'd her shape and air,
 'Twas—prithee fool be quiet.

My dear, he cry'd, now be not coy,
 Nor think my meaning rude;
 Let love, like mine, thy mind employ,
 True love can ne'er intrude:
 Her hand he then essay'd to kiss,
 Which, frowning, she cry'd fie at,
 And when struggled for the bliss,
 Said—prithee fool be quiet:

Then kneeling at her feet, he swore
 Without her he should die;
 That man ne'er lov'd a woman more,
 And heav'd a melting sigh:
 Cupid unseen now touch'd her breast,
 And there kick'd up a riot;
 Much soften'd, yet she still express'd,
 Nay—prithee *Sir* be quiet!

The youth perceiv'd her alter'd tone,
 And boldly ask'd her hand :
 Soon Hymen made them both as one,
 United in his bond :
 The case too soon is changed quite—
 A scene you'll all cry fie at ;
 She prates away from morn till night,
 While he cries—Zounds be quiet !

SONG.

END OF A SONG.

Written by Mr. Dibdin.

LAWYERS pay you with words, and fair
 ladies with vapours,
 Your parsons with preachings, and dancers with
 capers ;
 Soldiers pay you with courage, and some with
 their lives,
 Some men with their fortunes, and some with
 their wives :
 Some with fame, some with conscience, and ma-
 ny throw both in,
 Physicians with Latin, and great men with—
nothing,
 I—not to be singular in such a throng,
 For your kindness pay you—with the end of a
song.

But pleading, engrossing, declaring and vapour-
ing,

And fighting, and hectoring, and dancing, and
capering ;

And preaching, and swearing, and bullying—
prescribing,

And coaxing, and wheedling, and seeing, and
bribing,

And every art of professional hum drumming,

Is clearly in some sort a species of humming :

Humming ! nay, take me with you—the term's
very strong,

But I only meant humming—*the end of a song.*

For all who this evening have paid me attention,

I would I had language of some new invention,

My thanks to return—but where's the expression,

Can describe of your kindness the grateful im-
pression :

May every desire of your hearts be propitious—

Be lasting success the result of your wishes—

Unimpaired be your joys, your lives happy and
long,

And now I am come to—*the end of my song.*

SONG.

JOHN AND JEAN.

Written by Mr. DIEDIN.

SING the loves of John and Jean,
Sing the loves of Jean and John;
He for her would leave a queen,
She for him the noblest don:
She's his queen, and he's her don,
John loves Jean, and Jean loves John.

Whatever 'tis that pleases Jean,
Is sure to burst the side of John!
Does she for grief look thin and lean,
He instantly is pale and wan!
Thin and lean pale and wan,
John loves Jean, and Jean loves John.

'Twas the lily hand of Jean
Fill'd the glass of happy John:
And heavens how joyful was she seen
When he was for a license gone!
Joyful seen, they'll dance anon,
For John weds Jean, and Jean weds John.

John had ta'en to wife his Jean,
Jean's become the spouse of John;
She no longer is his queen,
He no longer is her don :
No more queen, no more don,
John hates Jean, and Jean hates John.

Whatever 'tis that pleases Jean,
Is certain now to displease John;
With scolding they're grown thin and lean,
With spleen and spite they're pale and wan;
Thin and lean pale and wan,
John hates Jean, and Jean hates John.

John prays heaven to take his Jean,
Jean at the devil wishes John;
She'll on his grave be dancing seen,
He'll laugh when she is dead and gone:
Each wishes t'other dead and gone,
John hates Jean and Jean hates John.

SONG.

THE MUSICIAN'S LAMENTATION.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

I THOUGHT we were fiddle and bow,
So well we in concert kept time ;
But to strike up a part base and low,
Without either reason or rhyme :
What a natural was I so soon,
With pleasure to quaver away ;
For I'm humm'd, I think, into some tune,
She has left me the piper to pay.

I plainly perceive she's in glee,
And thinks I shall be such a flat
As to shake, but she's in a wrong key,
For she never shall catch me at that :
Whoe'er to the crotchets of love,
Let's his heart dance a jig in his breast ;
'Twill a bar to his happiness prove,
And shall surely deprive him of rest.

SONG.

HODGE AND HIS WIFE.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

CURTIS was old Hodge's wife,
 For vartue none was ever such !
 She led so pure so chaste a life !
 Hodge said 'twas vartue over much :
 For says sly old Hodge, says he,
 Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.

Curtis said if men were rude
 She'd scratch their eyes out, tear their hair :
 Cry'd Hodge, I believe thou'rt wondrous good,
 However, let us nothing swear.

For says, &c.

One night she dreamt a drunken fool,
 Be rude with her in spite would fain ;
 She makes no use, but with joint stool
 Falls on her husband might and main.

Still says, &c.

By that time she had broke his nose,
 Hodge made a shift to wake his wife ;
 Dear Hodge, said she, judge by these blows,
 I prize my vartue as my life.

Still says, &c.

I dreamt a rude man on me fell,
 However I his project marr'd ;
 Dear wife, cried Hodge, 'tis mighty well,
 But next time don't hit quite so hard.
For says, &c.

At break of day Hodge cross'd a stile,
 Near to a field of new mown hay,
 And saw, and curst his stars the while,
Curtis and Numps in am'rous play :
 Was not I right, says Hodge, says he,
 Great talkers do the least dy'e see.

SONG.

SA WHACK.

An IRISH SONG, by Mr. DIBDIN.

FAIT, honey, in Ireland, I'd find out a flaw,
 In each capias, each bar'rv and action ;
 For dere, Oh my soul, satisfaction is law,
 And what's better, fait, law's satisfaction.

When to cut your friends trote dat affronts you's
 de word,

From dat argument none will be shrinking ;
 For we clear knotty points by the point of the
 sword,

And made flaws large enough with our pinking.

And great is the pleasure it yield,
 While our seconds are hard at our back,
 And boldly we both take the field,
 Wid our tierce and our carte—sa, sa, whack!

Arrah troth were a jelman pursu'd at his heel,
 By a constable, fait or a bailly,
 To be sure in three minutes the taef would not
 feel,
 O'er his sponce a tight bit of shelaly:

Then for actions and bonds, and that charming
 list
 Of returus dat in law cut a figure;
 Oh we make our returns by a turn of the wrist,
 And draw bonds by the pull of a trigger.

And great are the pleasures it yield,
 And our seconds are hard at our back,
 When boldly we both take the field,
 Wid our tierce and our carte—sa, sa, whack!

S
T
From

Was

Poets
To
And

Wha
Now
And

Wha
The
Whil

SONG.

THE MERCHANTMAN.

Sung by Mr. Sully, jun. in Inkle and Yarico.

THE Achilles, tho' christen'd good ship, 'tis
furmis'd,
From that old man of war, great Achilles, so
priz'd,
Was he like our vessel, pray, fairly baptiz'd.
Ti lol lol, &c.

Poets sung *that* Achilles—if now they've an itch,
To sing *this*, future ages may know which is
which,
And that one rode in Greece and the other in
pitch.
Ti lol lol, &c.

What, tho' but a merchant ship, sure our sup-
plies,
Now your men of war's gain in a lottery lies,
And how *blank* they all look when they can't get
get a prize.
Ti lol lol, &c.

What are all their fine names, when no rhino's
behind?
The intrepid, and lion, look sheepish you'll find,
Whilst alas! the poor Æolus can't raise the
wind.
Ti lol lol, &c.

Then the thunderer's dumb, out of time the
 Orpheus,
 The Ceres has nothing at all to produce,
 And the eagle, I warrant you, looks like a *goose*.
Ti lol lol, &c.

But we merchant lads, tho' the foe we can't
 maul,
 Nor are paid like fine King's ships to fight at a
 call,
 Why we *pay* ourselves *well* without fighting at
 all.
Ti lol lol, &c.



SONG.

THE POOR MARINER.

Sung by Mr. Congdon, C. M. T.

THE winds whistl'd shrilly, chill rain down
 was streaming,
 When from a dark cell where the sun ne'er had
 beam'd in;
 Worn out with great age, press'd with hunger
 and grief,
 A sad son of Neptune call'd forth for relief:
Give relief to---oh, give relief to the poor Mariner!

He tremblingly begg'd, as the affluent pass'd him,
The poor mite benevolent charity would cast him,
Whilst from his dim eyes, hid by darkness' thick
veil,

The big tear gush'd forthwhile he told his sad tale.

Give relief to, &c.

These eyes oft have seen the proud sink before me,
Have sparkled with joy at the signal of glory ;
Have seen Britain's flag oft to conquest aspire,
Tho' now lost in darkness for want I expire !

Give relief to, &c.

My life's been expos'd in defence of our laws,
I've bled at each vein to support freedom's cause,
The billows of danger have stemm'd without
dread,

Now faintly I struggle, now beg for my bread !

Give relief to, &c.

Assist me, he said:---the words tremblingly hung
In accents most piteous on the vet'ran's tongue ;
When the grim King of Terrors his sufferings
regarded,

And snatch'd him from hence, to where virtue's
rewarded !

Death gave relief to, &c.

SONG.

THE TINKERS.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

LIKE mine to botch is each man's fate,
 Each toil in his vocation ;
 One man tinkers up the state,
 Another mends the nation :
 Your parsons preach to mend the heart,
 They cobble heads at college ;
 Physicians patch with terms of art,
 And Latin want of knowledge.
 But none for praise can more contend,
 Than I,
 Who cry
 Old chairs to mend.

Your lawyer's tools are flaws and pleas,
 They manners mend by dancing ;
 Wigs are patches for degrees,
 And lover's use romancing :
 Fortunes are mended up and made,
 Too frequently with places :
 With rouge, when their complexions fade,
 Some ladies mend their faces.

But none, &c.

SONG.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

TO Bachelor's Hall we good fellows invite,
 To partake of the chace that makes up
 our delight;
 We have spirits like fire, and of health such a stock,
 That our pulse strikes the seconds as true as a clock.
 Had you seen us, you'd swear, as we mount with
 a grace,
 That Diana had dub'd some new gods of the chace.

CHORUS.

*Bark away! bark away! all nature looks gay,
 And Aurora with smiles ushers in the bright day.*

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,
 A better fleet gelding, ne'er hunter did back;
 Tom Trip rode a bay, full of mettle and bone;
 And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan;
 But the horse of all horses that rival'd the day,
 Was the 'Squire's Neck-o'-nothing, and that was
 a grey.

CHORUS.

*Bark away! bark away! while our spirits are gay,
 Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.*

Then for hounds, there was Nimble, so well
 that climbs rocks;
 And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a fox;
 Little Plunge, like a mole, who will ferrit and
 search,
 And bettle-brow'd Hawk's eye, so dead at the
 lurch:
 Young Shylooks, that scents the strong breeze
 from the south,
 And musical Echowell with his deep mouth.
Hark away, &c.

Our horses thus all of the very best blood,
 'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud,
 And for hounds our opinions with thousand
 we'll back,
 That all England throughout can't produce such
 a pack:
 Thus having describ'd you, dogs, horses, and crew
 Away we set off, for the fox is in view.
Hark away, &c.

Sly Reynard brought home, while the hound
 sounds a call,
 And now we are welcome to Bachelor's Hall;
 The savory sirloin grateful smokes on the board
 And Bacchus pours wine from his plentiful
 hoard;
 Come on then, do honour to this jovial place,
 And enjoy the sweet pleasure that springs from
 the chase.
Hark away, &c.

SONG.

DRINK AND BE MERRY.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

WINE, wine is the liquor of life ;
The heart is consumed by care ;
Good fellows, then end the strife
'Twixt the bottle and despair :

CHORUS.

Derry down, hey down derry,
Drink and drive care away ;
Drink all the night and day,
Drink and be merry.

Brisk wine and impertinent care,
Dispute the controul of me ;
Let me be my master, despair,
Wine, thou shalt my mistress be !

Derry down, hey down derry,
Drink and drive care away ;
Drink all the night and day,
Drink and be merry.

SONG.

DICKY DITTO.

Sung by Mr. EDWIN.

ADZOOKS, old crusty,
 Why so rusty,
 Stupid queer and mumpy?
 Egad if you don't mind your manners,
 Somebody will lump you:
 Lumpy, thumpy, thwack and thump,
 Pummel you and bump—O!
 Humpy, stumpy, make you mump,
 Kick about your rump—O.

Did little Dicky
 Ever trick ye?
 No I'm always civil;
 Then why should you for my politeness,
 Wish me at the devil?
 Crusty, rusty, flout, and pout,
 Did I ever trick ye?
 Fusty, musty, turn me out,
 Oh, poor civil Dicky.

A receipt I'll give,
 But as I live,
 I'd rather give him blows, sir;
 At St. Giles's he was bred,
 Altho, he wears good cloaths, sir:
 Noodle, nooble, ugly muns!
 Here's a pretty rig, sir!
 Daggers, pistols, swords, and guns,
 O! I'll hop the twig, sir.

SONG.

JACK THE GUINEA PIG.

WHEN the anchor's weigh'd, and ship's
unmoor'd,
And landsmen lay behind, fir,
The sailor, joyful, ships on board,
And swearing prays for a wind, fir.

CHORUS.

Towing here, yeeing there,
Steadily, readily; cheerrily, merrily,
Still from care and thinking free,
Is a sailor's life at sea.

When we sail with a fresh'ning breeze,
And landsmen all grow sick, fir,
The sailor lolls with his mind at ease,
And the song and cann go quick, fir.
Laughing here, quaffing there,
Steadily, &c.

When the wind at night whistles o'er the deep,
And sings to landsmen dreary,
The sailor, fearless, goes to sleep,
Or takes his watch most cheerly.
Boozing here, snoozing there,
Steadily, &c.

When the sky grows black and the wind blows
hard,

And landsmen skulk below, fir,
Jack mounts up to the top-main-yard,
And turns his quid as he goes, fir.

Hawling here, bawling there,
Steadily &c.

When the foaming waves run mountains high,

And landsmen cry "all's gone, fir,"
The sailor hangs 'twixt sea and sky,
And he jokes with Davy Jones, fir.

Dashing here, clashing there,
Steadily, &c.

When the ship, d'ye see, becomes a wreck,

And landsmen hoist the boat, fir,
The sailor scorns to quit the deck,
While a single plank's afloat, fir.

Swearing here, tearing there,
Steadily, &c.

SONG.

CORPORAL CASEY.

WHEN I was at home, I was merry and frisky,
My dad kept a pig, and my mother sold
whisky;

My uncle was rich, but wou'd never be easy,
'Till I was inlisted by Corporal Casey.---
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!
My dear little Shelah, I thought wou'd run crazy,
When I trudg'd away with tough Corporal Casey!

I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking
On Shelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking:
But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisiey,
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey!--
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!
The devil go with him! I ne'er cou'd be lazy,
He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
That fell on my pate, but they *borber'd* me
rarely;

And who shou'd the first be that dropt?—why,
an't please ye,

It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey;---
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey.
Thinks I you are quiet, and I shall be easy,
So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

SONG.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Written and Composed by Mr. DIBDIN.

AVERT yon omen, gracious Heav'n,
The ugly scud;
By rising winds restless driv'n,
Kisses the flood.
How hard the lot for Sailors cast,
That they should roam,
For years to perish thus at last,
In sight of home:

For if the coming gale we mourn,
A tempest blows,
Our vessel's shatter'd so and torn,
That down she goes.

The tempest comes while meteors red
Portentous fly,
And now we touch old Ocean's bed,
Now reach the sky.
On sable wings, in gloomy flight,
Friends seem to wait,
To snatch us in this dreadful night,
Dark as our fate.

Unless some kind, some pitying pow'r
 Should interpose ;
 She labours so within this hour,
 Down she goes ?
 But see, on rosy pinions borne
 O'er the mad deep,
 Reluctant beams the sorrowing morn,
 With us to weep.

Deceitful sorrow, cheerless light,
 Dreadful to think ;
 The morn is ris'n in endless night,
 Our hopes to sink—
 She splits—she parts—thro' sluices driv'n,
 The water flows ;
 Adieu, ye friends !—Have mercy, heav'n !
 For down she goes.

SONG.

THE WATERY GRAVE.

Written and Composed by Mr. DIBDIN.

WOULD you hear a sad story of woe,
 That tears from a stone might provoke,
 'Tis concerning a tar you must know,
 As honest as e'er biscuit broke :
 His name was Ben Block, of all men,
 The most true, the most kind, the most brave,
 But harsh treated by fortune, for Ben
 In his prime found a watery grave.

His place no one ever knew more,
His heart was all kindness and love,
Tho' on duty an eagle he'd soar;
His nature had most of the dove.
He lov'd a fair maiden nam'd Kate;
His father to interest a slave,
Sent him far from his love, where hard fate,
Plung'd him deep in a watery grave.

A curse on all slanderous tongues,
A false friend his nature abus'd,
And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,
To poison Ben's pleasure accus'd;
That she never had truly been kind,
That false were the tokens she gave,
That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find
In the ocean a watery grave.

To be sure from this cank'rous elf
The venom accomplish'd his end,
Ben, all truth and honour himself,
Suspected no fraud in his friend.
On the yard, while suspended in air,
A loofe to his sorrows he gave,
Take thy wish, he cry'd, false, cruel fair,
And plung'd in a watery grave.

SONG.

BILL BOBSTAY.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

TIGHT lads have I sail'd with but none e'er
so lightly,

As honest Bill Bobstay so kind and so true ;
He'd sing like a mermaid, and foot it so lightly,

The forecassle's pride, the delight of the crew.
But poor as a beggar, and often in ratters

He went, tho' his fortunewas kind without end,
For money, cried Bill, & them there sort of matters,
What's the good on't, d'ye see, but to succour
a friend.

There's Nipcheese the purser, by grinding and
squeezing,

First plund'ring, then leaving the ship like a rat;

The eddy of fortune stands on a stiff breeze in,

And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog vane in his hat !

My bark, though hard storms on life's ocean
should rock her,

Tao' she roll in misfortune, and pitch end for end,

No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,

When by handling it out he can succour a friend.

Let them throw out their wipes and cry, spight
of the crosses,

And forgetful of toil that so hardly they bore,
That "Sailors at sea earn their money like
horses,

"To squander it idly like asses ashore."
Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could they
measure

By their feeling, the gen'rous delight without
end,
That gives birth in us tars to that truest of plea-
sure,

The handling our rhino to succour a friend.

Why what's all this nonsense they talk of and
pother,

All about *RIGHTS of MAN*, what a plague
are they at?

If they mean that each man to his mesmate's a
brother,

Why the lubberly *swabs!* ev'ry fool can tell
that.

The *Rights* of us Britons, without *declamation*,
In our country's defence our last moments to
spend,

To fight up to the ears for our late *Proclamation*,
To be true to our wives, *and to succour a friend.*

ODE
ON
PRINTING.

*To be Sung at the Annual Meeting of Printers,
THROUGHOUT THE GLOBE.*

*Adapted to the Music of " Say, lovely Peace,"
In Dr. ARNOLD's Essex Harmony.*

By Mr. S. TOPLIS, of Gainsbrough, C. M. T.

INSPIRE, O Muse! with joy, to hail
This happy day—assist the tale
That shall declare, if thou impart,
The wond'rous beauties of our ART.

CHORUS.

*For PRINTING now recorded high shall stand,
And ornament our native land.*

From East to West, with rapture see
The progress of our Mystery!
From North to South, see how it spreads!
And Heav'n's benignest blessings sheds.

*The gifts of Heav'n with gratitude we own,
Like GEORGE, who graces Britain's throne.*

Exalt your notes, your voices raise,
 To speak each worthy Patron's praise;
 Who to the Press their labours give,
 That LEARNING may in triumph live.

*Each Author's name, immortal let it be,
 Rever'd to all posterity.*

Instructive ART! Thee*, who devis'd,
 By unborn nations shall be priz'd;
 Who open'd to expansive view
 A Source of Pleasure, ever new.

*From Pole to Pole his native Genius sing,
 To him a grateful tribute bring.*

Of Arts and Commerce 'tis the key,
 And guides the helm on land or sea;
 Directs the hero in the field,—
 Of LIBERTY the sword and shield.

*Let Church and State its sacred Rights maintain,
 And Truth protect its wide domain.*

See, with success it opes the Mind,
 Makes Men the lovers of their kind;
 Delights the Fair—the rough subdues,
 And for the bonds of Friendship sues.

*Let Friendship reign, let Mirth and Joy appear,
 To crown the Labours of each Year.*

* *The Art of Printing is in general attributed to John Guttenburg, of Mentz, in Germany; and brought to England by William Caxton, Anno. 1472.*

SONG.

DIBDIN'S POOR JACK.

GO patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
 A tight water boat and good sea room give me,
 And 'ta'n't to a little I'll strike;
 Though the tempest topgallant-mast, smack-
 smooth should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse ev'ry
 thing tight,
 And under reef'd foresail we'll scud.
 Avast! nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft,
 To be taken for trifles a-back;
 For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
 About souls, heav'n, mercy, and such,
 And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay!
 Why 'twas just all as one as High Dutch;
 But he said, how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that comes down below;
 And many fine things that prove clearly to me,
 That Providence takes us in tow.
 For, says he, d'ye mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the topails of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub sits perch'd up aloft
 To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack,

I says to our Poll, for you see she must cry,
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
 What argues sniv'ling and piping your eye?
 Why what a d—d fool you must be!
 Don't you see the world's wide, and there's room
 for us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore;
 And if to Old Davy I should go, my dear Poll,
 Why, you never would hear of me more:
 What then? all's a hazard—come, don't be so
 soft;

Perhaps, I may laughing, come back;
 For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be, ev'ry inch,
 All as one as a piece of the ship;
 And with her brave the world, without off'ring
 to flinch,

From the moment the anchor's a trip;
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, fides, and
 ends,

Nought's a trouble from duty that springs;
 My heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my
 friend's;

And as for my life---'tis the King's.
 Even when my time's come, ne'er believe me so
 soft

As with grief to be taken aback;
 For that same little cherub that sits smiling aloft
 Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

SONG.

THE RESTORATION.

Or, The Twenty-ninth of MAY.

Written Occasionally, by S. T.

COME hear a Song or Roundelay,
Upon this merry holiday;
God blefs *King George* who bears the sway
O'er all this potent nation:
Let feuds and party janglings cease,
Fair Trade and Commerce still increase,
And all enjoy in love and peace,
This Day of *Restoration*.

As Britons, we a tribute pay
To those who nam'd this holiday,
When we might banish *Care* away,
Nor toil, each in our station:
We'll toast our *Friends* and *Patriots* too,
From East to West, so good, so true,
And ever keep the Day in view
Which we call *Restoration*.

While other Nations will go fight,
Pretending to each other's *Right*,
And mighty armies put to flight,
Making much devastation!
We will enjoy the happy Day,
In harmless sport and merry play,
And all agree to sing or say
Welcome the *Restoration*!

Now all unite in heart and hand,
 Declare yourselves a social band,
 Forbid that Trade should ever stand,
 Which causes altercation :
 In mirth and harmony combine,
 Be firm, and haste to Bacchus's shrine,
 And you'll invite the Muses Nine,
 At the next *Restoration*.

SONG.

LITTLE BEN.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

RESPLENDANT gleam'd the ample moon,
 Reflected on the glitt'ring lee,
 The bell proclaim'd night's awful noon,
 And scarce a ripple shook the sea ;
 When thus, for sailors, nature's care,
 What education has denied,
 Are of strong sense, a bounteous share,
 By observation well supplied.
 While thus in bold and honest guise,
 For wisdom mov'd his tongue,
 Drawing from wisdom comfort's drop,
 In truth and fair reflection wise,
 Right cheerfully sung
 Little Ben that kept his watch in the main top.

Why should the hardy tar complain?
'Tis certain true he weathers more
From dangers on the roaring main
Than lazy lubbers do ashore;
Ne'er let the noble mind despair,
Though roaring seas run mountains high,
All things are built with equal care,
First rate or wherry, man or fly:
If there's a power that never errs,
And certainly 'tis so,
For honest hearts what comforts drop,
As well as kings and emperors,
Why not take in tow
Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the maintop?

What tho' to distant climes I roam,
Far from my darling Nancy's charms,
The sweeter is my welcome home,
To blissful moorings in her arms.
Perhaps she on that sober moon
A lover's observation takes,
And longs that little Ben may soon
Relieve that heart which sorely aches.
Ne'er fear, that power that never errs,
That guards all things below,
For honest hearts what comforts drop,
As well as kings and emperors,
Will surely take in tow
Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the maintop.

SONG.

MARS AND VENUS.

AS Mars and Venus together was walking,
 Down by the side of a river so clear;
 Where, on love, they sweetly were talking,
 And he often call'd her his lovely dear:
 I drew nigh and sat myself by them,
 Little did I think that I was so nigh them;
 All for to hear the silent tone,
 Mars to their arms would be gone.

Ah! says Venus, I know a castle,
 Which that never yet was won;
 And the mistress ne'er was a reaper,
 And she scorns to fire a gun:
 I will tell you the marks and the rounds of it,
 And if you would fain enter the bounds of it,
 You must be forc'd for to retreat,
 Or, ten to one, you will get *beat*.

Mars was drest in rich attire,
 Venus stript quite to her smock;
 Her plump white thighs he did admire,
 He bare belly for to blow:
 He beat a *laurel* upon her belly,
 A point of war with a true *treewallee*;
 He never found such a favour in a foe,
 Nor a sweeter battle he ne'er know!

SONG.

AN ENTERTAINING RECITAL,

OF THE TOMBS

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Altered from Mr. Edwin.

With Nine additional Verses.

By W. WHARLTON, of Gainsbro'.

HERE lies *William of Valence*, a right good
Earl of Pembroke.

And this is his monument, which you see I'll
swear upon a book ;

He was Earl Marshall of England when Henry
the Third did reign,

Above five hundred Years ago, but ne'er will be
so again.

Here the *Lord Talbot* lies, the town of Shrews-
bury's Earl,

Together with his Countess fair, who was a most
delicate girl :

Next him there lieth *Sir Richard Peckshall*, a man
of might,

Of whom we only this do say, that he was a
Hampshire Knight.

Here lies the third King Edward's Brother, of
 whom our records tell,
 Nothing of note, nor say they whether he be in
 heaven or hell;
 This *same* was *John of Eldersstone*, he was no co-
 stermonger,
 But Cornwall's Earl, and died because he could
 live no longer.

Now think your money's well spent, good folks,
 and that you're not beguil'd;
 Within this *cup* doth lie the *heart* of a French
 Ambassador's child:
 But how it came to pass, on purpose, or by chance,
 The bowels do lye underneath, but the *body* is in
 France.

Here lies Oxford's Countess, and there also the
Lady Burleigh, her mother,
 And there her daughter, a Countess too, lie close
 by one another;
 These once were bonny dames, and tho' there
 were no coaches then,
 Yet could they jog their tails themselves, or get
 them—*jogg'd by the men!*

Oh! woe is me, those high-born sinners that
 now do pray so stoutly,
 Living, they never pray'd at all, yet their *Statues*
 pray devoutly:
 This fair Monument which you see, to *know*,
 you shall not linger,
 Is a Lady's, who *bled to death* by a prick of her
finger!

In this gilt monument which you see adorn'd
 with so many pillars,
 Doth lie the Countess of *Buckingham*, and her
 husband *Sir George Villers*;
 This *Sir George* was grandfather, the Countess
 she was granny
 To the great Duke of *Buckingham*—who led
 by the nose King *Jamy*.

Here lies *Sir Robert Eatam*, a Scotch Knight,
 this man was secretary,
 He scribbled compliments for two Queens,
Queen Anne, and eke *Queen Mary* :
 This same was *Mary Queen of Scots*, whom
Buchanan doth bespatter,
 She lost her head at *Fotheringhay*, whatever was
 the matter.

To another chapel now come we, the people fol-
 low and chat,
 This is the *Lady Cottington*, the people cry,
 whose is that?
 Why, *Sir Thomas Bromley* lieth here, death
 wou'd not him reprieve,
 With his four sons, and daughters four that once
 were all alive.

Behold this broken Tomb, whose shattered lid lies
 down,
 It thus contains fair *DURHAM'S BISHOP* of re-
 nown ;
 He has laid here long, his Mitre's left his Head,
 And Archbishop Death has long proclaim'd him
 dead.

Here lies *Sir John Fullerton*, and that is his La-
dy I trow,
And that is *Sir John Picketton*, whom none of
you did know :
Here lies the *Earl of Torrington*, one of the Bri-
tish Peers,
His Countess fair she lies beside him, and now
you go up the Stairs.

Richard the Second lies here entomb'd, with his
fair Queen, *Queen Anne*,
Edward the Third lies there hard by, and he was
a warlike man :
This is the *Sword* of *John of Gaunt*, a blade
both true and trusty,
The Frenchmen's blood was ne'er wip'd off,
which makes it look so rusty:

These are the CHAIRS, in which their Majesties
are Crown'd,
And underneath's the Famous Stone that came
from SCONE :
Opposite is *EDWARD* the Confessor's Tomb so high,
And on the Floor Magnificent Remains do lye.

In this Wood Case lies *BUCKINGHAM's* late
DUKE,
Who, at the age of Nineteen, Death him overtook;
His Body's made of wax, and on his dead-like neck
A gilded Crown appears, tho' dusty is his robe!

*In this long Tomb, great Longshanks's bid from
fight,
Whose mighty Stature was Seven Feet in height :
In Seventeen hundred and Seventy-two, his Person
was entire,
And all his gib'lets were as supple as if they hung
in wire !*

*HENRY the Third lies here entomb'd, who founded
this great ABBEY,
And in his Reign, for breaking Oaths, we're told
he was a dabby :
Great Britain's CHARTER oft refus'd, but now
he's very happy,
And in this Sepulchre he's laid, and time has made
him nappy.*

*Henry the Fifth lies here entomb'd, with Eleanor
his Queen,
His head was silver, which was stole, see the hole
where it has been :
Now down the stairs come we again, the Guide
goes first with the staff,
Two or three tumble down the steps and all the
people laugh.*

*Come this way, the Guide now calls, this monument
you see,
Is GEN'RAL WOLFE'S—a Man as brave as any
one need be :
His Battles are in Brass well cast, the spot where
he did die,
Is near Quebec—for Abraham's Plains, look there,
and see him ly'd*

Sir Robert Vere lies here entomb'd, who the Spaniards hides so curried,

Four Colonels brave support his tomb, and here his Body's buried :

That statue up against the wall with one eye, is
Major General *Norris*,

He bang'd the French most cruelly, as is affirm'd
in stories.

*The next is ADMIRAL HOLMES ; on his anchor see
him lean*

*The Cable is of Marble wrought—from real scarce
is seen :*

*On the other side is LIGONIER—above, the TEM-
PLARS are entomb'd,*

*And all their noble Monuments with Time are most
consum'd.*

Henry the Seventh lies here entomb'd with his
fair *Queen* beside him,

He was *Founder* of this CHAPEL, Oh! may no
ill betide him :

The *Kings* and *Queens* are in glass Cases—their
Bodies made of Wax,

A Globe and a Sceptre's in each hand, and their
OWN ROBES upon their backs !

In this *Stone Cradle*, King *James's Children* now
are seen,

Above's the *PRINCES*—who, in the *Tower*, have
murder'd been :

In this *Beaureau* is GENERAL *MONKE's* old
Armour.

And here's *HIS CAP* !—and what you give's a
Favour !

FINIS.

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